

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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WILL CHRISTIANITY EVER BECOME UNIVERSAL?

THE most accurate computers of the numbers of mankind do not assign to this globe more than six hundred and forty millions of men. It is remarkable that one form of government, religion, language, and manners, prevails over *half* of the whole number, for the lowest estimates will make the Chinese amount to three hundred and twenty millions, and that is *half* of the human species. The Chinese religion may be termed Paganism.

Of the remainder, a very small portion, and these in the most savage state, may likewise be termed Pagans; that is, their religion has risen by chance, is undigested into any written form, is without simplicity or uniformity, is vague, fleeting, and traditionary. Such are the aborigines of America and New-Holland, those who occupy the new-found isles, the wastes of Northern-Asia, and the African interior. The whole number of such may be liberally stated at twenty millions.

The remainder, who may be called civilized nations, will include one half of the whole species. These are possessed of religions, which, in contradistinction to the other which has only a mutable, motley, traditional, and *oral* existence, may be termed *scriptural*. The subjects of this species of belief may be distributed into three parts.

1. The Hindoos, or followers of Brahma, who may be estimated at eighty millions:

2. The Mahometans, scattered through Western-Asia, Northern-Africa, and In-

dia, cannot amount to more than sixty millions:

3 The Christians, including all the variety of sects, including the Greeks of Turkey and Russia, and the colonists and converts in America, will not exceed one hundred and sixty millions.

From these facts, some interesting conclusions may be drawn. It will first appear that only *one fourth* of the human race can be denominated christians. Those who, like me, believe that the christian faith is necessary to the present and future happiness of man, must reflect upon so great a disproportion with much regret. There are not wanting, however, some facts, which, impartially considered, will cheer us in the midst of our regrets.

In the first place, it is certain that the number of christians has been gradually increasing since the birth of their founder. In the next place, it is, I think, extremely clear that, bating all universal changes and miraculous interferences propitious to this progress, which, by the way, we have good reason to expect, and supposing human affairs to go on upon common and established principles, the christian religion will proceed, in future, with a rapid progress; and that the whole human race, in a much less period than that which has already elapsed since its progress commenced, will become christians.

The history of our religion exhibits many vicissitudes and revolutions. Its progress for the three first centuries, during the flourishing period of Rome, was incessant and by very distinct degrees, till Romans, at length, and christians became synonymous terms. This empire

was overturned in Europe by the Goths, in Asia and Africa by the Arabs. These *civil* revolutions flowed from different causes. The first was occasioned merely by the barbarous and hostile spirit, and therefore produced only a temporary depression of religion. The conquerors became converts, and the Roman (or christian) religion, besides its former subjects, extended its empire over regions to the north and east, which had never been subjected to the Roman empire.

The Roman empire in Africa and Asia was subverted not only by barbarous licence, but religious enthusiasm. The Roman religion, therefore, was extinguished in these provinces, together with the Roman empire.

I make no account of the Mahometan conquests in Spain, Sicily, and European Turkey. In these, the faith of Mahomet merely obtained a political ascendancy; and, in the two former, even this ascendancy has long since disappeared.

The numbers which the christian religion lost by the Mahometan conquests, it gained by the conversion of the Celts of Scotland and Ireland, and of the nations beyond the Rhine and the Baltic.

It would be an instructive exercise to trace out, upon a map, the boundaries of *Christendom* in the fourth century, the age of Constantius; and, in the sixteenth, the age of Charles the Fifth. Much of what was Pagan in the former period, was, at the latter, become christian; and much of what was formerly christian, has since become Mahometan.

Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, christianity has been rapidly progressive. It could not, indeed, enlarge its boundaries on the land side. Ma-

hometanism was a barrier not to be broken through by violence, and not to be undermined by missionary labours, but the art of navigation opened an unbounded field for conquest to the east and west.

The trading nations found their way, on one side, to the extremities of Asia, and, on the other, to the regions of the western hemisphere. They carried, with their language and arms, their religion. In America, their mutual jealousies and competitions have somewhat, but not much, retarded their advancement. The field was so spacious, and the aboriginal possessors so feeble and so few, that no opposition worth mentioning has hitherto occurred, and nothing is more evident than that all America, comprising more than three-eighths of the habitable globe, will be, in process of time, pervaded with the language, manners, and religion of Europe.

Asia has exhibited a somewhat different scene. The balance has been continually vibrating between the christian and the native powers, and between one christian nation and another. On whatever stage the Europeans have entered, they have entered in some sort together, and have industriously thwarted and obstructed the efforts of each other. There is nothing in that quarter of the globe that could effectually resist any one nation whose efforts were not embarrassed by its rivals; much less could opposition have been sustained against a coalition of the whole. If the Portuguese, Dutch, French, Spanish, or English had separately contended merely with the natives, or if they had fought in unison, all obstacles to their dominion would long ago have vanished.

But the Portuguese were followed by the Dutch, and, while these were bickering in the isles, the French and English struggled with each other for possession of the continent. Notwithstanding this struggle, Britain has made immense strides towards the sovereignty of the Hindoos, and there appears no room to question

their future progress. Mahometanism has been politically ascendant in that country for three centuries, but the time is evidently hastening when it will expire at once in the Greek and the Hindoo peninsulas, and be supplanted by the christian faith.

Half of the human race, as I before mentioned, are Chinese Pagans. The thoughtful mind is flung into deep astonishment in contemplating the revolutions which, but for the sordid and malignant jealousies of the christian nations, would have been effected among that populous and civilized race of men during the three last centuries. In China, Japan, and Tunquin, christianity would, at this day, have been ascendant, and these states would have been as much in the power of the christians, as Bengal and the Circars are in that of the English, if the christians had aided, with half the zeal with which they have obstructed, each other. Imperial edicts were sufficient to check the growth of our religion in China, but to extinguish it in Japan, though so recently introduced, required a horrid series of civil wars and massacres.

Within forty years, a continent in the same moral and physical condition with desert America, has been found in the Southern Ocean. The same system of colonization, whose stupendous effects are visible in North-America, has begun to be pursued in relation to New-Holland. Who can doubt but that the same effects will follow from the same causes, and that these vast regions will, in no long time, exhibit just such a scene as is displayed upon the theatre of North-Eastern-America? That the English (and therefore the christian) language, manners, and religion, will spread itself without obstruction over all that immense space?

America and New-Holland will be found to be equal in extent to one half of the habitable globe. These regions can scarcely be said to be pre-occupied. The Europeans have gained exclusive and immutable possession. Their institutions civil, and religious, will follow them wherever they go. Population, from local circumstances, will

advance with certain and rapid steps. Admitting (what, indeed, is incredible) that the christians will hereafter be stationary on the old continents; that the Russians will not carry themselves and their religion farther into Turkey, Persia, and Tartary; that the English will not absorb the Mogul power in Hindostan, nor encroach upon the Lhamic and Chinese territories; that the christian nations in general will abandon Africa to the Moors on one side, and the Caffres on the other; admitting that they merely keep their footing in America and New-Holland, and continue to multiply merely by propagation; in what proportion are we compelled to believe the number of christians, on this globe, will bear to the rest of the species when *New-Christendom*, if I may use the phrase, becomes as populous as the old?

Christian Europe, though many parts of it are incultivable, and no part is as well peopled as a wise government would make it, contains at the rate of fifty persons to a square mile. Christian America and New-Holland, when peopled at the same low rate, will contain one thousand millions of people. The numbers of mankind, which now are six hundred and forty millions, will then become one thousand, six hundred and forty, and the christians, instead of being one fourth, as at present, will be nearly three fourths of the whole.

He who does not, from these unquestionable data, foresee the subjection of the whole race of man to the civil and religious yoke of christianity, effected by the influence of natural and established laws, must be very obstinate in his scepticism. For my part, this disquisition has removed every doubt on this subject which I might previously have entertained; and glad shall I be to have contributed to producing the same opinion in any of your readers.

I have carefully, in these remarks, shunned all speculative distinctions as to what *is* or is *not* true christianity, and as to the influence of moral or internal causes in raising or depressing it. Those who foretel the extinction of religion from the progress of knowledge and refinement, must believe religion to be false, and must rejoice in its extinction. Those who believe it true, will predict very opposite effects from the intellectual improvement of mankind; but all

impartial observers will see the unlimited influence which the christian code has had upon the conduct and opinions, public and private, social and political, of those who profess it; and will acknowledge, in the prevalence of the arts and colonies of Europe, over those of Chinese, Hindoo, or Mohometan, the triumph of the christian religion over the dogmas of Shensi, Mecca, and Benares.

The wheaten harvests of America for ten thousand future years, will all have sprung from the quart or bushel that was brought two ages ago from England or Spain. The original *grains* perished in a short time, but their progeny will be only less than eternal in succession, and universal in extent.

Thus it is with intellectual germs. The moral condition of this globe, at the remotest period of its duration, must be essentially different from what will now inevitably happen if Moses had never written nor Jesus preached, and this effect will not be less real and momentous, even if the existence of Moses and of Christ shall be utterly forgotten.

P. S.

REMARKS

ON CERTAIN CUSTOMARY PHRASES.

I. WOOL-GATHERING.

It is not uncommon in some parts of America to say, in relation to one whose behaviour betokens his attention to be absorbed by objects foreign to, and disconnected with, the scene or company around him, that his head is *wool-gathering*.

I was lately in company with a foreigner, and chanced to use this phrase. It excited much surprise in my companion, who eagerly inquired if that were the name of some profession among us. He asked how it happened that the person, in relation to whom I had used the phrase, was employed, at the time spoken of, in *gathering wool*; and what was meant by saying that *his head* was thus employed.

These inquiries set the singularity of this phrase in a new light. The obvious explanation was scarcely sufficient. It still remained to be inquired what analo-

gy there was between a fit of abstract meditation, and the trade or occupation of *gathering wool*.

This business is not very popular or common among us. To shear sheep or collect wool, engages the thoughts or hands of but very few, and those whom it does employ, do not find it necessary to bestow intense or frequent meditation on the subject. Fear and hope tend to transport the mind into futurity, to make it reckless of the present, and inattentive to passing incidents. Whatever is generally the object of these passions, may be properly conjectured to engage the attention of one, when proofs are given that it is not busied on the objects before him; but, perhaps, in ten thousand instances in which this phrase is used, not more than one instance occurs in which the assertion is *literally* true, and in which the musing person is actually employed in revolving the means of *collecting wool*.

It occurred to me, at length, that proverbial sayings are generally of ancient and remote origin. Custom sanctions and continues the use after the circumstance or occasion has past in which they originated. There are various practices, of a social and domestic kind, still adhered to, which can only be thus accounted for, and which are derived from our British or German ancestors. The occasions which gave the birth no longer exist, but custom and example have given them an inviolable sanction. In some cases, this original, though obsolete, occasion or conjuncture can be traced; though, in many instances, no doubt it is placed beyond our reach. If this be true with regard to practices, it is still more evident with respect to words.

Our language is derived from Britain, and every phrase of long standing, probably originated in some event, or some concurrence of circumstances of an ancient date in the English annals.

The English have not always been a trading or manufacturing nation. As late as the reign of Elizabeth, their wants were supplied, and their luxury gratified,

by the ingenuity of the Flemings and Italians. In exchange, however, for the production of foreign artists, they were obliged to procure, from their own soil, some commodity which the strangers held in request, and this commodity was *wool*.

The great source of wealth to individuals, and of opulence to the public, was, consequently, *wool*: and every mind that was not filled with immediate objects or incidents, was probably employed in devising means of gaining possession of this commodity, which was always in demand, and which was a ready instrument of luxury, repute, and power. For a long period, money and wool were significant of the same ideas. The tribute of subjects to their king, and of tenants to their lords, was commonly assessed in sacks of wool. The desire of riches came thus to be inextricably blended with the desire of *wool*; and every head, running upon distant objects, was naturally suspected to be *wool-gathering*.

Circumstances have since greatly changed. In the English nation the only means of arriving at wealth, have long since ceased to be the *gathering of wool*. In our own country, the primary or ultimate source of riches is, at present, in like manner the production of our own soil; but this production is not *wool*, but *wheat*. This phrase, however, like many others of similar origin, will, probably, continue for many years in vulgar use among us.

2. OLD HARRY.

No personage is more frequently introduced into conversation, and his name and office alluded to, than the great enemy of all good. I shall not attempt to extenuate the absurdity, indecency, or impiety of this practice. Perhaps your readers may think me guilty of the very act which I condemn; but the purpose for which I now call him up, if it be not very momentous, is, at least, an harmless one. It is merely for the sake of inquiring into the origin of the *names* by which he is usually distinguished.

Diabolus, or devil, or dæmon, seems to

be a specific term. All the individuals included under this species, are indefinite in number, and have no precise names, at least, among mortals. A few of them, and especially the *chief*, have received names.

The *arch-dæmon* has been honoured with several appellations. On grave and theological occasions, we call him Satan, after the example of the Hebrews. When spoken of with more familiarity and levity, he is distinguished by several *English* (I will not say *christian*) names. Perhaps it is no unallowable or unamusing speculation to consider how these names came to be conferred upon him.

It is remarkable that the vulgar are always prone to regard this personage as possessed of *great* age. His existence is, indeed, coeval with the race of mankind; and since he has, at least, outlived, according to the computation of bishop Usher, one hundred and seventy-five generations of perishable men, it seems pretty clear that he is, by this time, quite an *old fellow*.

The term *old*, however, is sometimes used in the same sense with *ancient*; thus we say, *old Greece*, and *old Rome*, and *old Homer*. In this sense, probably, the term is used by those who, in allusion to the character in which he first appeared upon this sublunary stage, give to this being the title of an "*old serpent*." This title, however ludicrous when familiarly used, has been adopted on the most solemn occasions by Milton.

The term *old*, seems to have the common meaning when prefixed to the *proper names* of this being. It is thus, when we talk of *old Nick* and *old Harry*. Why among all other proper names, Henry and Nicholas have been selected for this use, seems a problem not easily solved.

With respect to *old Nick*, there is the greatest obscurity. It had, perhaps, a very humble and plebeian origin, though some may be disposed to trace it to an higher source. It might have originated, for example, with Nicholas, the author of the first heresy among christians, whom,

his orthodox antagonists might justly class with the devil, by whose councils and suggestions he was, no doubt, influenced; but leaving this matter to the discussion of profounder and more patient antiquarians, I shall proceed to the other name, of which, perhaps, an easier explanation may be found.

It is well known that the bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, for the English throne, was terminated by the accession of Henry VII. of the race of Tudor. Henry at the beginning of his reign, was the favourite of the nation; but he was soon led, by his natural disposition, and by the circumstances in which he was unfortunately placed, into the commission of many acts of tyranny. His oppressions were peculiarly odious, since they indiscriminately affected the nobles and the people, and were not palliated by the usual and specious pretences of war and conquest. They were designed merely to gratify his avarice, by filling his own coffers with the spoils of his subjects. The names of Empson and Dudley, the principal tools of his tyranny, have become proverbially infamous. No prince was, perhaps, more deeply and universally hated. His reign and his life were long, and every day added to his oppressions and to the odium under which he laboured. Every one stigmatized *old Harry* as the author of his misery; and, in the secret of his heart, and in the society of his confidants and fellow sufferers, bestowed his deepest curses upon *old Harry*. The antipathy which was felt to the author of all evil, was transferred to the king, and was, in like manner, mingled with a sentiment of fear, which the mischievous power, as well as *purpose* of both, was adapted to produce. Thus, *old Harry* and the *devil*, became promiscuous terms; and a union that is once established, from whatever cause, it is the property of custom and habit to render perpetual.

This, perhaps, is the only instance in which the hatred of mankind has shewn itself in this way. A more explicit and

inveterate kind of infamy can scarcely be conceived; and *old Harry* would, with more propriety than Oliver Cromwell, have been selected by the poet, as an instance of one who was

"Damned to everlasting fame."

3. BY THE LORD HARRY.

As Henry VII. gave birth to a new name for the devil, it is probable that we are indebted, for the familiar oath, "*by the lord Harry*," to the conduct of his son, Henry VIII.

Before the reformation, the bishop of Rome was the ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, the *civil* sovereign of the western nations of Europe. He was the umpire in all the contests of princes, and the authority by whom all questions of morality or duty, among the people, were decided. He dictated their opinions, he prescribed their social and domestic conduct, and levied indirect, but enormous taxes on their property. The christian princes were a sort of military lieutenants, whose privileges, with regard to the papacy, strongly resembled those of the feudal nobles in Germany and Poland, in relation to their monarchs.

No prince, however, vied with the Roman bishop, in the local extent or the despotic efficacy of his power. The pope was the substitute of God, and the organ of his decrees upon earth. The multitude regarded his person as sacred, and it was even common to swear by his name. "*By the Pope*," was the oath uttered by all classes, upon almost every occasion. This is still the case among the Irish catholics, whose invention, however, sometimes diversifies the phrase. Not always contented with "*the Pope*," whom they style "*holy Peter*," they sometimes swear by "*his crook*," "*red bonnet*," and "*bald pate*."

This custom continued in England till the reign of Henry VIII. who thought proper to rebel from the Roman see, and invest himself with all the divine and infallible attributes which had formerly pertained to the pope. His subjects, generally, acquiesced in this revolution; and the few who openly dissented payed their penalty of the contumacy at the stake or on the gibbet. That veneration

which had once belonged to the pontiff, was now usurped by the king. Devotion and respect were turned, with regard to the pope, into hatred and obloquy. The royal person and name were exalted to a new degree of sanctity; and, thenceforth, the vulgar, instead of swearing by the pope, according to the ancient custom, swore, with no less devotion, "by the lord Harry." X. Y.

The following extracts from the 'Observant Pedestrian; or, Traits of the Heart: in a solitary Tour from Carnarvon to London,' it is hoped may prove acceptable to our readers. This work is an humble imitation of the 'Sentimental Journey' of that acute observer of men and manners, LAWRENCE STERNE; and is written in an easy, yet nervous style. The author observes, that, having made the same tour twice before, in various vehicles, he could now find little amusement from contemplating strictures and views he had before so minutely explored; and has, in consequence, omitted their descriptions, and confined himself only to objects subjoined to any intrusive ideas his chimerical fancy suggested, indulging his propensity in exploring different traits of the heart in the unbiassed moments of surprise, when the parties were least on their guard to model their actions or sentiments; and as they flowed, his pencil has presented them.

VILLAGE SCANDAL.

THE reception of the 'Squire being so cool, and the sun having passed the meridian near three hours, I determined taking a rasher of bacon, and an egg, at a neat public house in the village, and simply make my inquiry who my friend had married, for, by the panegyric of Edward, I now found thereby hung a tale, which was soon disclosed by the landlord's volubility to one of his customers, who I found had been on some upholstery business to the Manor.

"I say gilt frames to her chair," cried my host, "a good leather bottom one is quite enough, methinks: Lord, if it did soil her fine silver gown, it would not be the *only* stain upon it: God keep us, what a rout is here about his honour and the *blue-eyed* scullion."

This last word catching my attention, I confess startled me.

"Scullion," repeated I, "do you joke, my friend, or are you serious?"

"I wish it was a joke, Master, but it happens to be a devilish serious subject; why have you never heard that story? Lord, I

thought every body knew *who* our 'Squire had married; why there an't a child can lisp his name in the village but knows the whole pedigree of *Bet*, as he calls her; aye, your honour, when she wore her round-ear'd cap and cloth apron, as plain as a pike staff; she used to wait upon the old gentleman, his father, and repair the 'Squire's linen, and wait at table with those who *now* wait upon her; so you see, *to try her temper*, as the 'Squire says, what does his genius invent but pops her into the Scullion's place, under the care of the cook; and soon after somehow or other, no matter how, her blue eyes and his *scalded gooseberry* ones glanced a sneaking kindness, and *Bet* was dispatched from the kitchen to a boarding-school, and soon after was brought home here as Madame B——. To be sure we all stared, and well we might, and all paid our respects, though we laughed in our sleeves: and now, as she thinks us villagers beneath her, she's not very polite; and as we know her to be beneath us, in point of manners, why there's no complaisance lost on either side. The house is mightily improved, to be sure, but nobody comes nigh it except a few birds of a feather. No, no, there's none of our neighbouring nobility's carriages stops at the gate now, they only laugh and point as they ride by, and I am sure that's shocking mortifying. She was to have been *dizened out* for the last race-ball, but if she had made her appearance amongst the quality, egad she'd have soon *baroled* by herself, for not a soul would have staid in her company. Oh, it's a rare match, and there's often rare doings, I promise you."

A farmer calling my host away, on business, I laid down my reckoning, and decamped without animadversion, as I conceived it improper to discourse on so critical a subject. Judge, gentle reader, of my feelings, and confess yourself equally astonished at so glaring a fact.

A GENIUS OF THE AGE.

PASSING on in gentle saunter, who should I meet but a former acquaintance of the 'Squire's also, quite the tippy in every respect, and, by the bye, one of the most conceited fops in the kingdom, whom though I had often mortified I could never reform.

"How are you, my old boy?" cried he, "though, egad, I have scarce time to ask the

question, my carriage and *rascals* are waiting, and it's a cursed fatigue to walk from here to the mews-gate, in a hurry, besides the gravel is new laid, and one had need have an old maid to waddle before one, with a pair of high broad heels to her shoes by way of *ramming* the path."

Apropos, talking of *cats*, or *tabs*, puts one in mind of a prank I am going to execute on that old genius Don Pimento's wife, she's devilish fond of a present, and as I have promised her one a long time, I have it now in my power: ha! ha! ha! What do you think of a couple of *cat's ears*, just cropped, and two *pup's tails*, neatly trimmed off, of my own dexterity? I know she loves a relish, and 'tis only given them the title of an Ortolan of rare flavor, to induce her to taste the bon bouche. I mean they should arrive to-morrow, as per coach, curiously potted, and if I can but keep my countenance, we shall have fine fun."

"I am glad 'tis not at my expence," said I, "for it would give me but a poor opinion of your good sense or politeness."

"Psha!" replied he, "who cares about politeness to such a cross old tab?"

"And why deride age?" asked I. "Do you not admit the majesty of a rich and beautiful setting sun, diffusing its mild and glowing ray with gentle decline, and reflecting its departing lustre with enviable delight to every eye of sensibility? May life's setting sun with you reflect its latent gleam with the radiance of virtue and respectability, and as you steal through the vale of years, may the amiability of youth strew the path with flowers, not maliciously wound you with an extra thorn."

"Oh! the devil take your morality, I'm off, my old boy, take care of yourself, my greys are devilish spirited, and I shall dash through the gate, and perhaps grind off a little of your gravity with my wheel, en passant, if you don't take care."

"I'll spare you the trouble," said I, "as you'll have quite employment enough to polish your own wits, and grind off the rust of arrogance, that now obscures even the slightest glimpse of that resplended jewel, respect."

"Aye," replied he, "you may be right, old boy, but diffidence and respect are quite

obsolete assumptions now a day, known only among *tabs* and *quizes*."

What an enlightened age we live in, cries the thrifty son of Adam: How progressive are the arts! How exquisitely refined, in a country, where the man of forty-five is termed a burthensome *quiz*, and the arrogant spendthrift of eighteen is announced as the prodigy of an *enlightened* age, and adored as the original quintessence of every thing capable of forming the character of a gentleman, provided he does but launch into every excess, reverse the order of nature—game—seduce—drink—sport, and initiate himself in every fashionable vice—breakfast with the setting sun, and dine by moonlight, while the distress of his fellow creatures are never thought of but in the consumption of an extra bumper of Champagne, to prolong and meliorate the scene of hilarity, not to deplore misery, not to cherish the animation of virtue; the sigh of sensibility never springs from their bosoms, the tear of humanity never dims their eye, for when it loses its lustre the film of inebriety alone veils its furious and distorted glance.

NO MUTTON NO SUPPER.

THE first person I met was the landlady, whose countenance looked as sharp and cross as a pare of scissors.

"Pray what can I have for supper, hostess," said I.

"Any thing you please to mention, any thing in the world."

"Then I should like a nice young duck."

"Oh! we have no ducks, but any thing else you please to pitch upon you may have."

"Well then," continued I, "a pare of fried souls, or a lobster."

"Lack-a-day, Sir, we cant get such a thing for love nor money, we never have fish but once a week."

"I understood," said I, "I could not be disappointed if I had even chose an Ortolan, from your assertion of having any thing, but however, as I am so unlucky, e'en roast me a rabbit, or a couple of pigeons, for I am devilish hungry; I should not dislike a few pease too, and a bit of tart."

Here my hostess's countenance again predicted a disappointment, while I waited her reply.

"Indeed, good Sir, I am very sorry, but we have not a rabbit in the town; what few

peas remain in our garden are as old as Adam, and as for tarts, we never make but of a Saturday."

"God allay my appetite," exclaimed I, walking up to the larder, "why, what have you got?"

"Please yourself, your honour," cried she, throwing open the door of the safe, where, to be sure there was plenty, but all of one flavour, for except a scrap of cold beef, and a ham bone, I could see nothing but neck of mutton, shoulder of mutton, leg of mutton, and mutton chops, something similar to Æsop's tongue feast.

"Here seems Hobson's choice!" said I half smiling.

"Aye, there was enough and enough this morning," replied mine hostess, "yes, Sir, plenty of all sorts, roast, boiled, and fried but the confounded regiment being billeted on us, positively starve us out; and to mend the matter, my fool of a husband must needs be so tender hearted, to take in a young *blackamoor* out of charity, because he came howling to the door, a young fatherless cub, forsooth, for my part I don't suppose the young plague ever had a father, unless it was the devil, for he's the very image of him; God forgive me, it makes my flesh crawl these hard times."

"I should like to see the boy," said I, "and hear his own story."

"Oh, I makes him *fag* I promise you, you'll see him come in with your supper, I keep his heels from swelling, and yet he is always happy, and hard at it from morn to night, grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"Poor fellow," said I, "surely amidst the severity of labour he possesses one comfort, either a forgiving heart or a virtuous conscience, that smiles defiance at the hardships he is doomed to brave."

"Well, Sir," replied she, "don't let's waste time talking about Yanko, for I must consider where to put you, our house is full in every room, and to be sure you won't like to sit a bit in the kitchen, till our little parlour can be cleared of a few farmers, who are just upon the go."

"Any where," said I, "for I am rather chilly, so I'll watch the progress of my supper, in some snug chair; lay me on a few of those chops, for they will be ready in a trice, and send Yanko with some ale."

"Follow me then, your honour," cried she, and whisking before me with a wind in her gown tail strong enough to cut one's legs in halves, ushered me to a high-backed chair, in a comfortable corner of a nice white stone kitchen, before whose fire sat a poor invalid soldier, shivering with the ague.

"Come, stir your stumps," cries my hostess, "here's no room for you, *shivering* and *shaking*, stand out of the way, Master, dont you see yon gentleman wants to come to the fire; I wish to Christ you was draughted home, for I am sure you have had *draughting* enough here."

The poor fellow shook his head—swallowed his little drop of warm purl—seemed to feel the force of her inhumanity but did not murmur—his chair was civilly vacated, and he walked slowly out of the kitchen.

"Don't suffer him to be disturbed," whispers compassion, "ask him to return." I twitched his sleeve as he passed, and I saw a tear tremble in his eye. "If you are not going to rest, in the course of half an hour," said I, "come to me in the little parlour on the left hand of the bar, we will chat away an hour, but we will neither spend it in severe reproof for what cannot be amended, nor revile the lip that utters an unmerited sarcasm."—I looked at my hostess, but she did not understand me, yet the soldier certainly did, bowed, promised to attend me, and retired.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

YANKO now entered with a mug of ale, but puss, who had concealed herself snugly under the threshold of the door, to watch the evolutions of a suspected mouse, unfortunately threw poor Yanko plump into the middle of the kitchen, with his waistcoat and bosom deluged in the liquor. I jumped up to assist him, but the nimble hand of his mistress, who was close at his heels, roused him with a sound box of the ear, and hawling him up by one arm, vociferated a volley of harsh invectives, till I interfered, and laid the blame on the cat, who certainly had created the mischief.

"Dont tell me of the cat," cries she, "it was his devilish *black awkwardness*, and so because he shan't have that excuse, I'll twist the toad's neck to-morrow, and if I could catch her now, I'd give her a dance by the tail over the tiles; there's a pint of ale

wasted and my kitchen all of a swim, I have a great mind to rub his *snub nose* in it.

Fearful of farther exasperation, I begged her to be pacified, assured her I would pay for the accident, which I trusted would set all to rights, and so it did, for she soon after took her leave, and sent me a second mug.

"Yanko," said I, when we were left alone, "how old are you?"

"Me fifteen, massa, but me no wish see fifteen more years, me worke, worke, like a mule, and Mistress scold poor Afric boy, and dat my strap too," continued he, pointing to a leather thong something like a cat of nine tails, "Misse make me dat to lash poor back—all red—all sore—no sleep—great pain upon the straw, and den *God's wet* come trow great hole, and wash vid little drops all night, make me much cold, much sick."

"Poor wretch!" said I, "what your Mistress lays you on straw, in the garret, where the holes in the tiling, of a rainy night, wets you to the skin?"

"Oh! yes Massa, and den no much eat, very hungry, no *sheeps*, no *little cows*."

"What no veal or mutton, I suppose," replied I, "you have bread and cheese then?"

"Oh, yes, great hard bread, and all de *dirty skin* for Yanko, not de white," continued he, laying his jetty hand on mine, to denote the colour of the rind and the inside of the cheese.

"And what would you do if you had some silver money?" said I.

The poor boy looked wistfully at me, then at his pocket, "Give it Missy," said he, "if she no scold and beat poor slave."

"And would you not buy some meat then, Yanko?"

"No, me no want meat if Missey be much kind."

What an excellent heart! How fraught with generosity! Yanko would have died for a good word, he would even have given every farthing he could scrape to purchase but one smile, one look of commiseration; alas! that faculty was dormant, and this miserable African will, I fear, never rouse it in such a mercenary recess, as the bosom of his inveterate mistress, who now entered to assure me, if I would walk into the parlour, my supper should be served in ten minutes, which I believe was punctually observed, and as Yanko waited, two extra chops filled a

small portion of the cavity in his hungry stomach, and I never relished my supper so well in my life, from the pleasure I received in the joyful and grateful countenance and acknowledgement of my little half famished African, who it seems was brought over an infant, and cruelly abandoned by its inhuman mother, was then put to the parish, and from thence recommended to the care of a Captain, to convey back, who, accidentally calling on my host about two months since, prevailed on him to take the little child of misery in the capacity of *scout*. Thus ended his artless narrative, and the bell ringing, he flew with *Indian* swiftness to obey its summons, and a humble tap at the door soon after announced

THE INVALID SOLDIER.

"If your heart is the monitor of your eye," said I, "it seems to tell an eloquent tale, sit down, my friend, and share my glass, I have heard enough of the calamities of our brave soldiers, in the present war, and 'tis my pride to console and relieve them; as far as my little stipend will permit, to share it with every deserving object, prithee then, whence came you?"

"From Guadaloupe and Martinique, your honor, where the hardships of myself and comrades may be easily conceived when I tell you I have worn my flannel shirt ten weeks without a change—never closed these languid eyes but on the damp cold sod, where the fire of the grape-shot has whizzed within fifty yards of me, and the bravest and most virtuous of our troops, with mangled limbs, have expired in my arms:—I had, Oh, heaven permit, in the moment of peril, a faithful tender wife, and two young babes, no doubt deploring my hapless lot!—Oh! Sir, that thought, and that alone, unman'd me; often as I stretched my shivering limbs beneath the covert only of an inclement sky, and then my noble friend, I do not blush to repeat it, the wretched soldier has not scorned to shed a silent agonizing tear, sacred to his little family;—but now, thank heaven, though an invalid, a few more days will bare me to them, if they yet survive, to bless their poor fond father."

"And heaven grant they may," said I, "And that Old England may long boast a set of faithful subjects, happily restored to the comfort of a peaceful, happy home, where love may steal the envied laurel from your

brow, and veil each care in sweet oblivion on the bosom of affection."

"Now for your toast," continued I.

"My King, my Country, and my lovely Kate," cried he, filling a bumper, while his languid eye sparkled with delight, "and if in the moment of weakness I had not married, my life had ever been freely devoted to my Sovereign; whereas the keener sense of feeling awakened by my parental tie, sometimes makes me timid of my situation, though, heaven be praised, my courage has never found alloy in the exigence of danger, and my brave noble boy's first accent shall oft' repeat our valued Monarch's fame; he too shall tread the path of glory, and if he help to twine the laurel on Britania's brows, his loyal father will not wish a higher recompense."

"Bravo!" said I, "how I venerate your zeal, and as a proof of my sentiment, accept this trifle," at the same time dropping a guinea into his hand.

"Heaven reward you, worthy Sir," replied he, "and though, save my solitary pay, 'tis all the fortune I possess, some portion of it shall be layed out in a necessary piece of furniture for my humble apartment, that when the pressure of necessity makes me part with the last six-pence, I may still boast a memorial of a beneficent stranger, whom I must ever be indebted to, and whom my utmost gratitude can never recompense."

"One more glass," said I, "to cancel obligation, for 'tis you have now made me the debtor."

Our conversation wanted no spur, and various military topics furnished our tête-à-tête 'till the stroke of eleven made the soldier start. "They suppose me in bed, your honour, I must therefore unwillingly quit your amiable and envied companay, for being indulged by the Captain to pass an extra hour by the fire, I would not encroach on his kindness."

"I shall see you no more, then," said I, "but set off early, probably by day break, and may you meet your wife and babies with every degree of rapture your heart anticipates."

The soldier bowed, laid his hand on his bosom, and reluctantly withdrew, whilst I retired to my pillow, happy in having relieved a fellow creature, and grateful to Providence for blessing me with a supply proportioned to my inclination.

New-York,

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1802.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. JOHN WYETH, Printer, of Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, has issued proposals for printing, by subscription, "An Abridgment of the Laws of the United States; or, a complete Digest of all such Acts of Congress as concern the United States at large."

The convenience of ONE book instead of six, the difference of the price (being only *one third* the rate of other editions,) and the superior advantage of having all the laws upon each particular subject, classed together, and brought into one view, must appear striking and important; particularly as this work will be more within the reach of every one, and will comprise whatever his duty or interest requires him to know of the "supreme law of the land."

The following are the conditions:

- I. This work shall commence with the laws passed at the first session of congress, held after the adoption of the federal constitution, and end with those that may be enacted at the present session.
- II. The whole will be comprised in one large octavo volume of at least six hundred pages, and perhaps considerably more: it being impossible, till after the present session of congress, to pronounce with accuracy.
- III. It shall be printed on good paper, and type, and well bound at FOUR DOLLARS. No money will be required till the work is completed, of which notice will be givenN. B. *It is at present in considerable forwardness.*
- IV. The Constitution of the United States shall be prefixed, and an Appendix added, containing all existing Treaties, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Rules and Articles for the government of the Army, and the Ordinance for the Government of the Territory North-West of the Ohio.
- V. Lists shall be given of the titles of all the laws under the several heads of "Abridged"...."Repealed"...."Expired or obsolete," and "Private or local." Likewise, Tables of the rates of Duties, Post-Roads, and times of holding Courts throughout the United States.

This valuable work will be edited by WILLIAM GRAYDON, Esq. a gentleman of the law, and of acknowledged abilities.

(*Subscriptions for the above will be received at this Office.*)

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. JOHN JUHEL, Merchant, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA LIVINGSTON, of Livingston Mannor.

On Thursday evening 30th ult. by the Rev. Doctor Beach, Mr. NICHOLAS PHILPOT, Merchant, to Miss HARRIOT MARSH, both of Johnstown.

At Saybrook, by the Rev. F. W. Hotchkiss, Mr. REYNOLD LORD, of Lyme, to Miss AMY LOOMIS, of Saybrook.

At Boston, Mr. JOHN HERRALD, of Portsmouth, to Miss ELIZABETH CONNER, of Boston.

At Barnstable, Mr. ROBERT BACON, of Bolton, to Miss MARY CROCKER.

DIED,

On Tuesday the 28th ult. at Trenton. RICHARD HOWELL, Esq. late Governor of New-Jersey.

At Philadelphia, WILLIAM COATES, Esq. Father of the Tammany Society at that place.

On the 28th ultimo, near the village of Peekskill, Mrs. THOMPSON, wife of Col. James Thompson, in the 64th year of her age.

Parnassian Garland.**ORIGINAL.**

The following beautiful lines, on the first of May, came too late for insertion last week.

VERSES ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

HAIL, charming May! thy wish'd return
Invites once more my votive lay;
Thy genial warmth my breast inspires
To celebrate the first of May.

Behold Creation how it smiles;
The Sun himself in splendour gay;
More plenteous shades his cheering beams,
In honour of the first of May.

The winged songsters of the grove
Their wild notes warble from each spray;
And with their carols glad the morn
That ushers in the first of May.

The nymphs and swains with heart elate,
Round the tall May-Pole sport and play;
With flowery garlands deck their brow,
To celebrate the first of May.

Come then, Amanda, lovely maid!
My promis'd bliss no more delay;
Consent to be my charming bride;
Let's wed upon the first of May.

For soon, my charmer, youth will fly,
And beauty quickly does decay;
Then let's embrace the present hour,
For winter will succeed to May.

S.

SELECTED.**VAUXHALL.**

Who has not heard of EDEN fair?
The blissful seat of the first pair;
Where flowers and fruits spontaneous sprung,
For ever fresh, forever young.
Where Nature, sportive, blithe and gay,
Profusely, as her first essay,
Strew'd all around, so Milton sings,
The sweetness of ten thousand Springs.
Long did this paradise withstand
The force of Time's destructive hand;
And, unimpair'd, it e'en withstood
The ravage of the direful flood.
Till after floating many a year,
At length it fix'd and flourish'd here;
In vain geographers may trace,
This is the very, very place!
To be convinc'd but look around,
And see how Nature's sweets abound:
No matter what the spot we call,
It once was EDEN....now VAUXHALL!
But how improv'd! for tho' so fair
The blissful seat of the first pair,
Yet there, with sad and solemn stalk,
Silence pervaded every walk.
Whilst here with laughter, mirth, and glee
And all the powers of harmony,
Ever frolic, brisk and gay,
We solemn Silence drive away.
Instead of water from the spring,
We more enliv'ning liquors bring;
Instead of grapes, pluck'd from the vines,
The choicest viands, richest wines.
And to the feather'd choirs we join
The music of the tuneful Nine;
The jocund song, the melting flute,
Which merry mortals better suit.
Then, in the room of one dull pair,
All lovely, kind, and debonair,
A thousand eyes our Eden grace,
And add new lustre to the place.
Come view, then,....sage in our advice,....
The spot that once was Paradise;
HYGEI, MOMUS, BACCHUS, all
Bid you away to sweet VAUXHALL!

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